

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Thursday, May 7, 1914.

Come on out; the bolting's fine.
Roosevelt broke out the minute he reached civilization.

Conditions in Colorado, it has been pointed out, should not be used as an argument against woman suffrage.

From present indications if the South American mediators can't accomplish anything else they can at least volunteer to hold our coats.

Sickness in Roumania has increased alarmingly, it is said, since the beautiful Crown Princess Marie Victoria has taken up the profession of trained nurse.

Rock Island wants no defunct team in a defunct league. Let the dictator, Tarnsey and his followers, go down with the dictator Huerta and his followers.

With the Mexican mediators proceeding without a Carranza representative, and Huerta agreeing to cessation of hostilities, it's a pretty safe bet that the dictator will soon fly the coop.

Chorus girls with their eyes on millionaires' sons had better get the money before the ceremony. A horrid New York judge has decreed that Ethel Lorraine Belmont must struggle along on \$100 per month.

Roy C. Andrews of the American Museum of Natural History in the last seven years is said to have traveled 125,000 miles in the study of whales. The story neglects to say whether he traveled outside or a la Jonah.

The claim of London that Charing Cross station is the busiest traffic spot on earth, handling 15,000,000 passengers yearly, is disputed by the New York Times, which gives Boston's south station a year record of 28,347,399 passengers. Grand Central station takes second place with a record of 22,400,000.

War, as described by Sherman, will seem insignificant compared to the nuts congress will have to crack next fall in the resolutions proposing woman's suffrage and nation-wide prohibition amendments. They were too hot for the house judiciary committee to handle, and were reported out without recommendation or comment.

It was on the whole probably as harmonious a couple of conventions as were held anywhere in the United States or Canada yesterday. The insurgents were not discovered doing any "sniping" and if the administration supporters harbored such sentiments as our regular army men feel toward the little brown brothers in the Philippines they were not singing them out in public.

The four gun men, convicted as the actual murderers of Gambler Rosenthal in New York, have died in the electric chair. Charles Becker, former police lieutenant, who, it is alleged, ordered the killing of the gambler because he had turned "squealer," is having his second trial. The first jury held Becker guilty. The high court of the state said Becker was entitled to a new trial. It will be interesting, now that the lips of the real murderers are silent, to see what new evidence the defense will spring in behalf of Becker.

SOIL ROBBING.

The short time lease of farms is now receiving some attention in the papers. We are told that many land owners are practically putting up their lands to renters for bids and the highest bidder gets the land, regardless of consequences. The farmer who stays on a farm for a single season, at a high rental, must make all he can out of the already worn-out land and he is apt to leave the broad acres much the worse for the year's wear.

Tenant farming, as a general thing, does not pay either for the owner of the land or for the man who farms it. Where each one tries to get all he can out of the soil, it is the soil which suffers and in the end it will be as exhausted as the wools of the New England states and of New York, where they have the abandoned farms. It takes brains to be even a land owner. And most of the land owners seem to be lacking in the essential thing of brains. The run-down and worn-out farms are said to be multiplying. They

are the farms which have been used to make rents out of and nothing else. An Illinois farm is not an inexhaustible gold mine. You cannot take out of it year after year and never put anything back. It may run for a few years, but after that it is going to take more to restore it than all that has been taken out of it amounts to. No farm renter should be allowed to do as he pleases with a piece of land, for if he is a short term man he will take out what he can get and leave the land the poorer for it.

The time has come for land owners and land renters to get together for the conservation of the soil, and some land owners who farm their own lands ought to act likewise. One-third of the farms in Illinois are cultivated without regard to the conservation of the energies of the soil. The sad tale remains to be told and it will be told in due time. What we need is more acres in clover and grasses and more cattle to eat the roughage and return the fertility of the soil back to the land. We need twice as many cattle and twice as much clover as we are sowing now. The higher and thinner soils ought to be growing clover one-half of the time.

ARMY BETTER PREPARED NOW.

With the possibility of a foreign campaign before our army, what is the present condition of preparedness of the army medical service, especially as compared with its condition at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war in 1898, asks the Journal of the American Medical Association. The contrast gives cause for gratification. In the last 15 years the army has been practically reorganized. The development of the general staff and the training of experts for various duties have affected the medical department as well as the other branches of service. The enormous increase in scientific knowledge of disease and its prevention has been utilized by the medical officers. Our army medical corps is today a body of trained military sanitarians unsurpassed in any country. In experience, organization, equipment and training, there is no comparison between the present situation and that in 1898. Experience has been gained in the campaigns in Cuba and the Philippines, in the military expeditions in China and Cuba, and in the maneuver camps in 1911 and 1913, so that the army today possesses a corps of specialists trained in camp sanitation. For over a year military camps have been maintained on the Texas border, containing from ten to twelve thousand men in a well-nigh perfect state of health.

The material equipment of the department is incomparably better than it was fifteen years ago. The present system of field hospital organization was almost unknown in 1898. The organization of mobile sanitary units, namely, the ambulance company and the field hospital, will prove a great advantage. While only four field hospitals are actually in existence, on account of congressional parsimony, the medical department has on hand ample supplies for a complete system of field hospitals for three hundred thousand men. These supplies are now in storage, packed for shipment and ready to be put on trains or shipboard at a moment's notice. By way of contrast, at the breaking out of the Spanish-American war, the war department telegraphed the governors of the various states that it would be necessary for each state to send with its troops sufficient medical supplies to last for six weeks, as the government was unable to furnish them. In a word, the medical department of the army—the same may be said of the navy—has shared largely in the general progress which has been made in the last fifteen years.

The present medical and hospital corps are as effectively organized, trained and equipped to fight disease as is the rest of the army to fight the enemy. Complete prevention of disease among large bodies of men under the unavoidable conditions of military life in actual warfare is impossible. The maintenance of sanitary camps and well equipped and efficient hospitals, as well as prevention of all avoidable diseases among our troops, can be reasonably expected.

Misleading Bookkeeping.

Even bookkeeping is not an exact science. For behold! how often is it that one man will put into the expense account a given expenditure—say, the rebuilding of a machine—thus reducing his profits by this amount, while another will put such an item to the asset account, and each can advance weighty arguments and reasons as to the logic of his methods. But the net results of operation will differ widely with the same actual occurrences, so that even bookkeeping may be said merely to present results dependent upon the aspects of the situation as rendered by those who have the authority or opportunity to interpret.—Benjamin A. Franklin in Engineering Magazine.

Points of the Crescent Moon.

Why does the moon sometimes appear with points turned upward and at other times downward? There is one cause only—the rotation of the earth. If the moon rises with points turned upward then, when it sets, the points turn downward—that is, the western horizon meets the points in its apparent approach; they point toward it, apparently downward, in the western sky.—New York American.

Washington—The United States government has forwarded six gold watches and chains to the legation at Peking for distribution among Chinese officers and civilians in recognition of services in saving the lives of American citizens in China.

Tayvenner's Tribute to Pepper

At the special memorial services held in the house of representatives in honor of the memory of the late Congressman I. S. Pepper, Congressman Clyde H. Tayvenner paid tribute to his departed friend and colleague in the following eulogy:

"Mr. Speaker, if a stranger had been in the city of Muscatine, Iowa, on the morning of Sunday, December 28, he would have observed that something out of the ordinary was taking place. He would have noticed groups of men standing about the streets conversing in low tones, and that in every face there was an expression of sadness. As the day advanced, more and more people appeared. By 1 o'clock hundreds had gathered, and then they moved silently toward one of the large churches, and went inside, and the downtown streets became deserted. "Muscatine on that day was a grief-stricken city. Muscatine had sent Irvin S. Pepper to the halls of congress because it had believed in him, and after arriving in Washington he had proven true to the trust that had been reposed in him. He had now been taken by death, and no one in Muscatine on this day could have failed to notice that the hearts of the people had been touched."

"Funeral services for Mr. Pepper had been held in Ottumwa on Friday, following which was planned a special tribute in the form of this great memorial meeting held in Muscatine two days later. "When I saw the doors of the Muscatine church thrown open, and the people pour into and quickly fill the building, the thought occurred to me that it would be a great mistake to assume that this great audience of people had gathered to pay tribute to Irvin S. Pepper simply because he had been an able member of congress. The mere fact that a man was a member of congress would never of itself alone have touched the hearts of the people of this community as the death of Irvin S. Pepper touched them."

"There was something deeper than his official position, and more important, which explained the presence of so large a throng, and that something was the fact that his life outside congress, and his acts in congress, proved that his heart beat in sympathy with the plain people of this land."

"Simply because a man is elected to congress is no sign that he is great; a member of congress is worth while only when he takes advantage of his presence here to do something for the masses of the people."

"Some men come to the halls of congress from humble surroundings, as did Mr. Pepper, only to acquire new

and aristocratic ideas and sympathies, and to gradually and unconsciously permit to steal over them a feeling of shame, indeed, if not of contempt, for the old-fashioned plain people at home who, believing their protestations of sympathy, were the very ones who had elevated them to their high positions of trust and honor."

"Irvin S. Pepper was not one of these. To him it always remained a pleasure to stand by and espouse the cause of that vast majority that Mr. Lincoln referred to as the plain people."

"It was Irvin S. Pepper who, on the floor of this house and before the committees of the house, fought the introduction of the inhuman Taylor system of scientific shop management, a cruel process of scientifically grinding down the spirit, the hopes, and the ambitions, as well as the physical bodies of those who toil. Of course, strong pressure was brought on Mr. Pepper to abandon that fight, but he never wavered, and there is pending before one of the committees of the house now, ready to be reported, a bill bearing his name which will prohibit the introduction of nerve-racking Taylor system in the government arsenals."

"Representing adjoining districts, Mr. Pepper and I were thrown into contact almost daily, and it was our habit to confer on nearly everything. Next to the distinguished speaker of the house, the Hon. Champ Clark, who was one of the first to help me when I was at the bottom of the ladder, struggling to get along, Irvin S. Pepper probably did more toward bringing about my election to congress than any other man. Mr. Pepper had no opposition in the last campaign, and took it upon himself to make my fight for a seat in this body, his fight, and it seemed to me there was absolutely nothing within his power that was too much for him to do for me."

"I mourn for Irvin S. Pepper, not merely because he was one of my best friends and benefactors, nor merely because he was a member of congress, but because I saw him on the firing line in this house, and I saw that he was not ashamed of the cause of the common men and women from whose ranks he sprang, and I observed, too, that whenever the line was drawn between the forces of special privilege on the one hand and the welfare of all the people on the other, without hesitation and without apology, Irvin S. Pepper quietly took his place on the side of the plain but godly people who gave him birth."

"When Irvin S. Pepper passed to the world beyond the people realized they had lost a friend—they were sad."

TAKES IT ALL BACK

(Mattoon Commercial-Star). During the month of January, 1914 this newspaper published a number of articles derogatory to the political life and political associations of Roger C. Sullivan, who is a candidate for United States senator, and among other things we charged that he had been intimately associated with, and a party to the election of Mr. Lorimer, and in this connection the Mattoon Commercial-Star referred to Mr. Sullivan as a party to political corruption, misfits, etc.

Following the publication of these articles, Mr. Sullivan sued this newspaper for libel. We immediately caused a thorough investigation to be made of the various charges which we had heretofore published against Mr. Sullivan's political career, and we frankly admit that there is no basis in fact for the charges thus made. From information which we then had and which we have since ascertained to be inaccurate, we drew the conclusion that Mr. Sullivan had materially aided Mr. Lorimer's election to the United States senate.

It has always been the policy of this

newspaper to endeavor to do full justice to those against whom it was politically opposed, as well as to those whom it politically favored.

Having ascertained that we had made a mistake in the charges which we preferred against Mr. Sullivan, we frankly placed the matter before him and he, with equal frankness, stated that he was not desirous of having anything from this publication except an announcement of the true facts as we have ascertained them after a full investigation, and that, if such an announcement was made by us to our readers, that that would end the litigation now pending between us. Even without such concession on Mr. Sullivan's part, this paper would deem it its duty to announce to its readers with the same degree of publicity that it had made the charges, that such charges were unfounded, that Mr. Sullivan had no connection with the election of Mr. Lorimer, and, so far as we have been able to ascertain, Mr. Sullivan's political life and his candidacy for the United States senate, and the democratic ticket is free from corruption or disgrace.

Bed Time Tales

By Clara Ingram Judson.

The Legend of the North Star

ANOTHER Ojibway legend tells of how the pudwujinnies, or "little people," showed the Indians how to find the North Star—the star that never moves. And this is the story.

Once upon a time, three Ojibway hunters set out toward a new country to search for meat. For many days they traveled through thick forests and across strange brooks in search of food. But not a speck of meat did they find; not a bit of game did they see.

At last they were so tired they decided to return to their homes, but when they turned about they found they had lost their way.

There had no rain fallen for days and even the brooks were dry; so the hunters had no water to drink.

Footsore, hungry and thirsty, the three hunters sat down and lit the pipe of peace. They smoked and blew the smoke toward the trees, begging, at the same time, the pudwujinnies to come and help them.

But there was no answer. Slowly the sun sank to rest and the dusk of twilight covered the earth.

The three disheartened hunters covered their heads with their blankets and began their chant of despair. "No more our wigwags shall see us. No more will we hunt or fight. We stay here in this spot forever."

Just at that minute a little pudwujinnie stuck his head out of a hollow in a tree. Hearing the three men chanting, he stepped boldly toward them.

He was queer and old and looked like a wizened, dried papoose. But he was kind and good and very wise. "Here, I will help you," he said to the tired hunters.

They followed him as he led them through the bushes to where a herd of deer were feeding. They killed two deer and ate the meat and felt much stronger.



The pudwujinnie showed the hunters the North Star, the "star that never moves."

As soon as they drank they felt like new men; they jumped to their feet and followed the pudwujinnie. He led them to his home, where they met the king of all the "little people." He was wise beyond all believing, for he knew every trail on earth and sky. He showed the hunters the North Star, the "star that never moves," and taught them how to guide their way by it.

So the hunters reached their home in safety and taught all other Indians to guide their way by the North Star.

Tomorrow—Pride and a Fall.

The ONLOOKER
by HENRY HOWLAND

FLIES in the OINTMENT



It is easy to be cheerful when your pay has just been raised; it is easy to be cheerful when you have been just praised; it is easy to be cheerful when your appetite is good; and when fortune lays before you all the gifts you think she should; it is easy to be cheerful when you stand on solid ground; but it's hard work to be happy with collectors hanging round.

It is easy to be hopeful when the glad spring breezes blow; it is easy to be hopeful when you've just been told to bestow; it is easy to be hopeful when your darling ventures pay; and when all the world is gladly strewing roses in your way; it is easy to be hopeful when you have no cause to sigh; but it's hard work to be happy with a cinder in your eye.

It is easy to have courage when you have no cause to fear; it is easy to have courage when the way ahead is clear; it is easy to have courage when your stock is on the rise; and when fortune seeks you daily to hand out some splendid prize; it is easy to have courage when you're rich and renowned; but it's hard work to be happy when a dentist has you down.

CANDID OPINION.

As soon as a man gets \$10,000 he begins to fear that somebody is trying to stir up class hatred.

Society is always being condemned by those who are unable to break in.

When a girl begins to talk a great deal about some other man it is an excellent time to propose to her.

No woman would be safe if the man who has a jealous wife were the lady-killer she thinks him to be.

The Lion Tamer.

"Why ain't the lion tamer here?" asked the manager of the circus. "It's time for the show to begin and he ain't nowhere around."

"Haven't you heard about him?" replied the ringmaster. "He married the midget this morning, and she chased him across the hills back of town a little while ago because he flirted with one of the lady bareback riders."

ROMANCE.

"You wouldn't believe me," said the sufragette, "if I were to tell you how I met my husband."

"I might. How was it?"

"I had thrown a stone through his window and he was cut over the eye by a piece of flying glass. While I was binding up his wound he fell in love with me."

Conditional. "Does your husband point with pride or view with alarm?"

"It all depends. When he refers to anything he has been doing he points with pride, but if it is necessary for the children or me to have anything new he views with alarm."

An Improvement. How beautiful the world would be, how peaceful and delightful, how utterly and blithely free from all things foul or spiteful. If in some way it might be known how all men here abiding might let their good traits all be shown and keep their faults in hiding.

She Hated It—Yes. "I hate flattery," she said.

"Of course you do," he replied. "Every pretty girl does."

Then she drew a long, deep sigh and permitted him to press her cheek against his own.

Travel.

"Don't you think travel broadens one?"

"Yes. After ma's trip to Massachusetts she didn't have a thing hardly that she could wear."

We Never Learn Not to Write. The years of man seem all too brief; one lesson no'er, alas, is learned; but foxey people come to grief because their letters were not burned.

Limited Maxim. "Never too old to learn," said the hopeful man.

"The motto has been revised," replied Miss Cayenne. "It now reads, 'Never too old to tango.'"

A Mistake.

"Something was the matter with the roof."

"Blew off?"

"No; shut in. It was the roof of my mouth."

St. Louis—The declaration of the city health department that an emergency existed at the Rose Fanning public school here caused the board of education to suspend its rules against public medical examination of school children and physicians took the cultures of every pupil in Room 22.

The Daily Story

The Pink Sunbonnet—By Clarissa Mackie.
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Neal Whitcomb whistled cheerfully as he climbed the hill to the low white farmhouse. On every side the ground sloped away from the hospitable looking domicile. In front was a tree covered lawn, on the north was a vegetable garden, on the south a flower garden and on the east sunny fields of strawberries.

Neal went up the front walk and rang the doorbell.

A middle aged black woman responded to his summons.

"I am looking for Mr. Huxford," said Neal.

"Mistah Huxford am gone to town with a load of berries," replied the servant, "and Missis Huxford am gone to de sewin' society."

Neal smiled pleasantly. "Then I'm afraid I must call again. Perhaps you can tell me if there is a Miss Huxford here?"

The woman shook her head. "No, sah; ain't never heard of no Miss Huxford. Dere's young Master Huxford, but he's away at school jes' now."

"I am a painter—an artist," explained Neal as he turned away. "I am staying at the hotel. The proprietor told me I might find a young lady to pose for me up here at Huxfords'. I told him I wanted some one dressed as a country girl in a pink sunbonnet—to put in a picture, you know." Then, suddenly realizing that he was doing

Voices were heard approaching from the rear of the farmhouse, and presently there strolled past, singly or in groups, the strawberry pickers.

Nineteen girls had gone out of the big gate, and he confessed himself disappointed that not one would do. There came a light step along the path and a rich contralto voice trilled softly. Through the honeysuckle vines he saw her coming, sunbonnet slipped back on the dark masses of her curls; her fair face with its magnolia-like complexion tinged with soft pink; her lovely dark eyes, fringed with long, curling lashes; her sweetly curved lips, so tenderly smiling.

It was Miss Sally Bemis. More than that, she was the one girl for his picture. She was the girl of his dreams, and she was the little student of the art school!

Neal overtook her at the gate. She turned lovely, surprised eyes at him, and suddenly a deep rose flush stained her cheek from brow to chin. There was embarrassed recognition in her glance.

Neal lifted his hat.

"Miss Bemis, I wonder if you remember me?" he asked eagerly.

"One does not soon forget a celebrity like Neal Whitcomb, the artist," she said quickly, holding out a stained little hand. "What are you doing way down here in Dixie?"

"Painting," said Neal, falling into step beside her. "I've been looking for a model to pose in a daisy field. I wanted a girl in a pink sunbonnet, and when I expressed my wish somebody sent me up here to Huxfords'. Fancy my dismay when I went out to the strawberry field and saw twenty pink sunbonnets!"

Sally laughed deliciously.

"The pink sunbonnets are Mrs. Huxford's idea. She bought a piece of pink calico and made sunbonnets for all the girls; said she liked to see us in the field."

"It's an amazingly pretty sight," agreed Neal as he went down the hill beside her. "You are taking home some of the strawberries?"

"Yes, to my mother. She is an invalid. Her failing health, combined with lack of money, compelled me to abandon my art career," she explained cheerfully.

"That was a hardship," said Neal sympathetically.

Sally laughed again.

"It was at the time, but I have found out that my talents are more in the domestic line than otherwise. I am fortunate in finding it out in time, don't you think so?"

"Brava," cried Neal. "And now tell me, Miss Sally, is this your home that we are approaching?"

"Yes, and there is mother on the porch waiting for me. You will come in and have a cup of tea with us, Mr. Whitcomb?"

"It will give me much pleasure," he said, so emphatically that they both laughed with some sudden knowledge of good fellowship.

Sally led him to the porch and introduced him to the sweet faced little lady who was her mother, and then she disappeared while Neal talked to Mrs. Bemis.

Mrs. Bemis declared that she and Neal felt in love with each other long before Neal fell in love with Sally, but they all agreed that it didn't matter in the least so long as Neal and Sally were married and lived happily ever after.

If you ever see Neal Whitcomb's famous painting "He Loves Me—Loves Me Not!" showing a pink sunbonneted girl telling her fortune to the daisy girl stripping the petals from the daisy as Miss Sally Bemis, and those who know will add that she is the artist's wife.

at Miss Sally fust. If yo' spoke fust it might lift up dere hopes, and mebbe she might not suit. If she don't yo' must be mighty particular!" she ended rather belligerently.

"Where shall I find her, auntie?" asked Neal patiently. "I certainly can't go into the field and face that battery of sunbonnets."

"Why, jes' set here on de end of de veranda behin' de honeysuckle vines. Dey'll all come trillin' past pretty soon, and yo' jes' fix yo' eye on de pretties' and most upsay one of de whole lot, and dat's Miss Sally. If yo' satisfied yo' can go and see 'em. I gotter go, sah."

He went up to the wide piazza and sat down in a great easy chair close to the honeysuckle that screened the piazza from the path around which the strawberry pickers must come.

Two years ago, at the art school, there had been a little student, and he was sure her name was Sally Bemis or something of that sort. He had given several talks to the students, and he remembered the girl's lovely, earnest face upturned to his. If he had met her oftener he would have fallen in love then and there, but he was very busy at that time, and he was about to sail for Italy, and the little student had drifted out of his memory.

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